Gone--Ye Dime Novel

WHERE is the dime novel? It used to be right in the front row of all those stationery and news shops you find on Third and Sixth avenues. They even used to sell them for 5 cents. But enter one of these stores now in search of the weekly adventure of your favorite character, and you are doomed to disappointment. Painful as it is to admit it, you are forced to the conclusion that the dime novel is almost extinct, even in the very middle of its old New York stamping ground.

Diamond Dick, King Brady, Nick Carter, Frank Merriwell and all the rest are mere shadows of what they once were. If any office boy knows anything about them to-day it is safe to say he has a turn for archæology. If any book is for sale in a paper cover it is pretty sure to be a volume of Dumas or Tolstoy, but the old kings of fiction, who have kept more people awake in their time than an armistice celebration, are relegated to an upper shelf. They have not gone away for the summer, either. It has been a matter of years since they have been moving slowly out of town. They have gone, as one erstwhile librarian puts it, because "no one wants 'em."

All of which may be an encouraging sidelight on the increasing culture of the age, but there seems to be a sounder theory. The dime novel has found a substitute. Painful as it is to say it, the dime novel seems to have been included and absorbed by the galaxy of fiction magazines that have been flooding the market. As a novelty they had it over Diamond Dick, and you didn't have to read them behind the woodshed. Or perhaps the movies did it. Anyway, if you want to read about Diamond Dick you have got to look a long way for him.

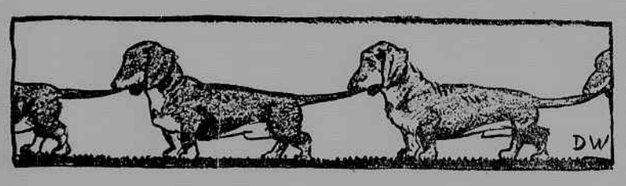
Dachshund Passes

A DACHSHUND? There ain't no such animal—at least as far as the New York dog fancier is concerned. Other dogs have gone out of fashion, but a visit to any emporium where canine aristocracy is dispensed with is proof that the dachshund is just gone.

"They'll be having him put with the dinosaur and the other old kennel stock up at the museum if he don't get popular pretty soon," a facetious dog expert commented. "They just don't seem to want him around. That's all. It's too bad, too. He's a good dog, gentle, intelligent, faithful, and the worst of it all is, it isn't his fault. It's those cartoonists who kept dragging him into the pictures with the Heinies. They're the boys who will have to answer for a breed that is fast dying out. Why, even if you could get a dachshund, and I'd hate to promise you I could get one, New York would be just plain uncongenial for him. No dog likes sympathy more than the dachshund, and, believe me, he don't get it here.

"It's a funny thing, too," he went on, thoughtfully; "they use lots of Hun stuff over here still. Take this liberty cabbage. Just changing its name eased up people's consciences, and they still eat it by the hogshead. But nobody's ever thought of calling that poor little dog a liberty hound and making him popular.

"Why, even Paris is kinder to the dachshund than New York. They have a lot of captured ones there, and they're proud to be seen walking down the boulevard with one. But just catch me taking one through Central Park!"



Bohemia Moves North

THE high price of garrets has driven many sculptors, artists and writers from the dank old houses of Washington Square, Abingdon Square and other sections of Greenwich Village to the brighter lamped haunts of Newark, Paterson and Hoboken.

To be a resident of Greenwich Village is no longer the metropolitan cachet of Bohemianism. Vulgar people who work of mornings and are, in the village vernacular, "in trade" have swarmed to Bohemia, and the unartistic landlords, with absolutely no erotic motifs, have boosted rents accordingly.

Thus it is that New York has a new Bohemia. Sixty-seventh Street West—from Central Park to Columbus Avenue—is becoming the artistic centre of New York. It is lapping over now to West Seventy-second Street and Central Park West, and the announcement is made that the Hotel Majestic is to have a row of skylight studios on its roof for the winter.

The Majestic has many celebrated guests. Among those who winter there are Edna Ferber, Arthur Somers Roche, Verne Harden Porter, William McHarg and Edwin Balmer, Fred C. Kelly, Burt L. Standish, Jean Knott, Bide Dudley, Miss Lillian Russell, Anna Fitziu, Morgan Kingston, Mme. Yvette Guilbert, Henry Clive, Ethel Clayton, Pavlowa and Fritzi Scheff.

In Sixty-seventh Street is the Café des Artistes. Christy lives there, and so do many other celebrated wielders of the pen and brush. There are already three cooperative studios for artists and writers in the block, and another is rearing its crest to the clouds. On the street live James Montgomery Flagg, Graham Cootes, R. M. Brinkerhoff, Le Roy Ripley, Grant Renyard, Dean Cornwall, and a hundred or more other celebrated artists.

New York in Days Gone By

A reminder of the good old days when 25 cents was not to be sneezed at, showing Chester Bullock's warehouse for fancy goods at 501 Broadway, back in 1869

Taking the Movies to College at Columbia University

"EVERY man has two businesses," remarked Abe Potash in one of his most sapient moods—"his own and the movies."

And you need not wonder greatly if some day you see announcements of screen productions sponsored by Columbia University Films, Inc., Nicholas Murray Butler, president. Columbia University has decided that movies are something more than an agency to lure freshmen from afternoon sessions in philosophy. At Morningside Heights the five-reel feature stands with calculus, Horace, Shakespeare and introductory biology. Columbia is going to teach the art, the manufacture and, by no means least, the business of the photoplay.

In the official bulletin, between phonetics and physical education, are listed six courses in photoplay making. The academic nomenclature orders things in this manner:

"Photoplay Composition e1—Elementary course. Three points. Winter session. Mrs. Frances Taylor Patterson. Section 1—3:10-4:25 p. m. Tuesday, Room 509 Hamilton. Section 2—7:10-8:25 p. m. Wednesday, Room 509 Hamilton."

There are intermediate and advanced courses in scenario making and a course in the actual screening of a picture. At this time there are no provisions in the curriculum for film acting and press agentry. Perhaps such courses are unnecessary. But if the demand arises you may expect to hear about Vamping e17 and Space Grabbing e42.

"Columbia didn't institute these courses because we thought it expedient to uplift the photoplay or anything like that," said Dr. Victor O. Freeburg, who, with Mrs. Frances Taylor Patterson and Carl Louis Gregory, teaches photoplay composition and photoplay making. "There was a genuine demand from the people at large for courses in scenario writing and in film production. The motion picture is a vital part of American life, and a great university cannot ignore it or look down on it as a subject unworthy of its traditions. Too many schools and colleges behave like ostriches in the presence of the photoplay house. They bury their heads in the academic sands and try to pretend that the movie doesn't exist."

Of course Dr. Freeburg is confronted almost daily with the argument that it is next to impossible to teach photoplay writing.

"You hear that argument brought against almost every branch of college work," said Dr. Freeburg. "But Columbia has been fairly successful in teaching playwriting—consider such commercial playwrights as Sam Shipman and Edgar Allan Woolf, both Columbia men—and journalism, and there is no reason why we should not achieve a similar degree of success in scenario making."

However, Dr. Freeburg wishes it understood that Columbia does not intend to "uplift" the films.

"I haven't any use for this uplift stuff," he explained. "I'm not interested in the movies as an educational factor but as an art form with a language and a technique wholly its own. We're trying to impress on our students—there are about fifty of them here this summer session—that the motion picture is not intended as a supplement to the novel or to the drama, but that it is a new art which presents problems entirely new in the field of creative endeavor.

"We want our students to turn out better pictures," he continued, "not for any moral purpose, but because better pictures are more interesting to the almost cosmic movie audience, and" here Dr. Freeburg interposed a most unprofessorial grin—"because they're more profitable commercially. We're trying to teach among other matters what the scholarly might call cinematographic economics."

Beginners in scenario writing fail to realize that a screen play is made in pictures and not in words.

"Almost every one thinks in terms of words," said Dr. Freeburg, "and our greatest difficulty lies in inducing the student to think out his story in terms of pictures. A novelist derives a situation from life and sets it down in prose, but the maker of scenarios must work out his problem as a sequence of pictures. Most of our elementary course of instruction is devoted to teaching the student the language of the films—pictures. When the student has mastered the art of expressing himself pictorially he is ready to put in scenario form subjects drawn from life."

Before students attempt original scenarios they are required to make adaptations of books and stage plays.

"This procedure is merely to give them ease in the handling of their medium," remarked Dr. Freeburg. "Adaptations from extraneous sources aren't art. You can't rank the man who translates a work from another language with the original author. And adaptation is merely translating a book or a play into film language. The system of asking young writers to submit their ideas in synopsis form only prevents the fullest expression of any creative impulse that may have been in the author's mind. It's like having a musician submit an outline of a symphony for production and having the harmonization and instrumentation done by some routine musician. We're teaching scenario writing in every detail, so that the writer who has a film story in mind may express it in his own medium."

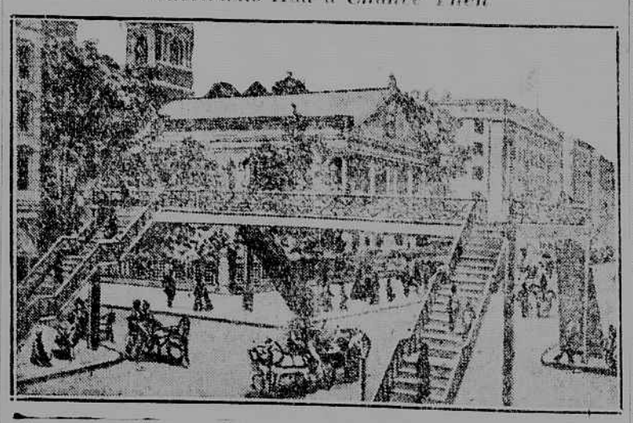
The classroom work in the department of photoplay making differs from the old procedure in which the students wriggled in their seats until the university bell tolled the close of the hour. Practical film criticism is the order of every day. The instructor reads to the class a scenario turned in by a student and the embryo cinema composers, as Dr. Freeburg likes to call them, compose hymns of hate about the technique and the ideas of the student-author. When the cinema composers have chanted their canticles of criticism, Dr. Freeburg or Mrs. Patterson performs the post-mortem on the script. Photoplay making classes are no places for the sensitive and temperamental. But the pupils of Dr. Freeburg and of Mrs. Patterson in the three years that they have been giving instruction have made good and scenario editors are eager to see the work of the advanced course in photoplay composition.

Another feature of the class work is analytic exhibition. Such corporations as Lasky, Universal and Fox Films coöperate with Columbia by sending to Morningside Heights many of their pictures especially to be run off for the cinema composers. At frequent intervals the projection machine stops and the cinema composers compose little things about the reel just shown. Still pictures also are used to illustrate points of composition, lighting and emphasis.

It is planned this summer to film one of the scenarios written by a cinema composer with Mr. Gregory's grinders officiating at the "coffee machines." That's Mr. Gregory's academic description of the motion picture camera. Next fall an ambitious programme is scheduled, with five-reel dramas and two-reel comedies. Columbia has a most receptive fountain for the filming of comic episodes. There won't be anything "high-browed" about Columbia's film factory.

"Many good pictures are being made to-day," said Dr. Freeburg, "but we think that there's room for many more. We're trying to teach folks to produce better pictures. And if we succeed the 'tone' of the movies may be raised, and all that, and perhaps it won't. But at least folks will find more beauty in the movies—and they'll have a great deal more fun!"

Pedestrians Had a Chance Then



The bridge that used to carry foot passengers over Broadway at Fulton Street

Street of Restaurants

FORTY-FOURTH STREET, from Vanderbilt Avenue to the Hudson, is a maddening road to travel on an empty stomach, with empty pockets. It is no place for a man with only an appetite. It has smells when the wind blows right which can make a gourmand out of a dyspeptic or a dyspeptic out of any gourmand.

To be the champion eating street of New York means that you must have a lot of restaurants on both your sides, because the competition is keen. A person with money needn't go hungry on Forty-second or Forty-third Street, and some of the streets downtown are studded with assorted restaurants.

But Forty-fourth Street is the dining-room of them all. Fourteen restaurants contribute to the atmosphere of the single block between Broadway and Sixth Avenue. The establishments vary from five cents for a cup of coffee to 25 for a demitasse. Some have regular dinners for 45 cents and are apologetic about it. Others have six Little Neck clams for 60 cents and seem proud of it.

The street is the scene of a gastronomic democracy. The rich and poor eat together on it. If the pastry in the windows of the popular-priced restaurants there were placed end to end it would reach from indigestion to dyspepsia. If all the soup were poured into a single bowl it—it—would have to be a large bowl.

On the right-hand side of the street looking from Broadway to the east, and thereby ignoring the sprinkling of backs of saloons and other eating places from Broadway to the Hudson, the Claridge is the first food depot disclosed. Up to these boozeless days there were three rooms in the hotel where meals were served. Two have died of water during the last month.

Yellow lighted and pastry windowed, the St. Regis restaurant looms up next. It is a place for young men and their girls two or three days after pay day. Joe's, No. 3 of the eating squad, is for the day before pay day.

The Hotel Astor is on Forty-fourth Street, and from all accounts food is served there. The Blue Ribbon Café selected this street to feed people on, as did Striefar Brothers, the Hotel St. Charles, the Hotel Gerard, Mr. Kean, Henri, Yet Wah Lou, the lone Chinese member; Lucca and the Algonquin.

Delmonico's is a famous gem of the Forty-fourth Street collection. Before Louis Sherry gave way to a bank his restaurant was a colorful fifty feet of the street.

The people who eat supper before theatre eat at the places with the pastry in the windows. Those who have supper after theatre dine at the establishments with nothing in the windows, but some kind of lace curtains with the name of the restaurant woven in.

They tell of a man who started to eat his way west to the Hudson from Vanderbilt Avenue. It's a poor story, because the man didn't die or get so fat that he was the same height standing or lying. He found an attractive and reasonable place in the middle of the block, gave up his mission and got a job as waiter in the place and lived happily ever after.

They also say that if a man can't get satisfied in any of the restaurants on Forty-fourth Street he should try Forty-third, or get married.

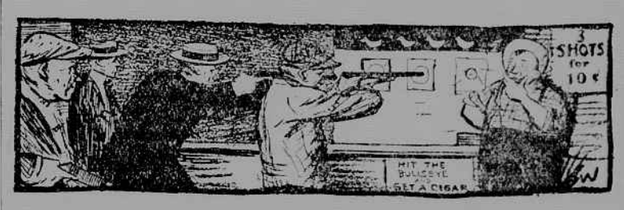
Better Shots at Coney

THE war has brought one lesson at least home to Coney Island. The boys have learned how to shoot. Since the last halcyon days of peace they have acquired the art of hitting things other than the steel that comprises the rear wall of the shooting galleries. All the things they studied in the training camps about holding the rifle and squeezing it and firing slowly have survived the signing of the armistice, survived to such an extent that dark rumors are whispered in the marches of Luna Park and Dreamland that the shooting galleries are being driven out of business by the marksmanship of young America.

"It ain't the money we have to pay out," explained the proprietor of a gilded and glowing establishment, where you can shoot anything from an African carnivora to a bull's-eye. "It ain't the money. Even the clay pipes and balls don't break you nowadays, and you'd have to fire a broadside to lay out one of these tin ducks, but it's the bother—that's what get's a feller's goat."

He paused and pointed dramatically to a wheel with clay pipes on its rim. "I'd hate to say how many times I have to put new pipes on that thing since we opened up this season with all the boys back from shooting the Huns. They just take naturally to those pipes," he said. "There's one boy here who shoots 'em off regular every evening, and then he begins on the balls on the fountain—and it takes a good eye to hit them every time, believe me."

"Yes," said another further down the street, "they're shooting better now. You don't see any more boobs. They all know how to hold a gun. The army's raised the average all right, but the bothersome ones are the crack shots, the ones who pulled the expert medals on the ranges in the camps. They're the ones who chew up the clay steamboats and the plaster pigeons, and they're the ones who like to shoot. You always see three or four of 'em hanging around here every night, and the crowd likes to see 'em too. They sure are hard on the office furniture.



"But listen," and he leaned forward confidentially; "just forget this stuff about them breaking up the shooting galleries. Nothing could have helped our business in a million years like the war has. The soldiers, the ones back in cits again, all like to shoot. Some of 'em will spend their last nickel here over the counter just to feel the grip of one of these guns, and father and mother and sister come to see what they learned over in the trenches. Believe me, there's money in it, and what's a few pipes when trade's booming?"